

EXPLOSION ON FERRYBOAT; ONE MAN IS KILLED

Steam Pipe Blows Out as the Old Passaic Leaves Jersey City Pier.

BOAT HELPLESS IN RIVER.

Passengers in Panic, but Tugs Tow Her Back to Safety.

One of the steam pipes leading from the main boiler to the engine room on the Erie ferryboat Passaic burst with a loud explosion at 4:30 A. M. to-day as the boat was leaving the Passaic slip for Twenty-third street, Manhattan. Levi Wilson, assistant engineer, who lived at No. 124 Chestnut street, Jersey City, was so badly scalded by escaping steam that he died later in St. Francis Hospital. For a time the old Passaic drifted helplessly about in the river while passengers tied life preservers about their bodies, ready to leap into the water in case the vessel went to the bottom.

The Passaic is one of the oldest boats in the Erie's service. She is used when travel is light during the early morning hours, in order to save money for the heavier work.

The Passaic had just rounded her slip when the explosion came. Engineer John Boyd was hurled across the room through an open door and escaped with slight wounds. The assistant was also knocked down, and when he regained his feet was blinded by the escaping steam.

Wilson stumbled about the engine room, unable to find his way to the door. Boyd rushed in for him and carried him to the deck, where Wilson became unconscious.

The ferryboat Goshen, Capt. Nelson, also of the Erie line, grazed the Passaic as the latter was swung about by the tide, and then Capt. Nelson sounded the distress whistle. This brought the tug Elmira, which was at the Passaic, just as the latter was washed against some piling along the shore front.

The damage to the Passaic was small. The boat was towed up to Weehawken, another steam pipe was put in place of the one that burst, and this afternoon she will be back in service.

HEALTH SEEKERS CROWD COOPER'S HEADQUARTERS

Westerner Meets With Unparalleled Success in Fight Against Disease.

The success attending L. T. Cooper's demonstration of his preparations in New York is unparalleled. Cooper has centered his health campaign entirely upon stomach trouble and its attendant evils. He claims that stomach disorders are responsible for most of the ill health of the present generation, and that a sound stomach is absolutely essential to good health. Cooper's headquarters at Riker's New Store, 2 West Fourteenth street, just off Fifth avenue, are daily visited by many persons in search of health.

The following statement, recently made by Mrs. Katherine Griffin, of 216 West Twenty-second street, New York, with reference to her sister, Mrs. Patrick Kelley, of the same address, will be of interest. Mrs. Griffin says: "My sister suffered from catarrh of the stomach for ten years. She could not digest solid food of any kind, as it invariably caused her terrible pain immediately after eating. In late years she has lived entirely upon liquids. She became a physical wreck—weak, nervous and completely run down. "We often despaired of her life, and entertained little or no hope of her ever being well again, for neither doctors nor any of the many remedies tried gave her relief. Finally we procured for her a treatment of Cooper's New Discovery. This had been so highly recommended that we were hopeful of its being beneficial, but were hardly prepared for the marvelous manner in which it took hold of her trouble and effected her complete recovery. "She is now a well woman. All her former misery has disappeared and she eats almost any kind of food without feeling the least distress afterward. She is stronger and better in every way than for many years. We are all happy over her restoration to health, and grateful for what Cooper's New Discovery has done for her. "The Cooper remedies are now being demonstrated at Riker's New Drug Store, 2 West Fourteenth street, just off Fifth avenue, where Cooper's assistants meet the public daily. The preparations are sold at all drug stores, and can be obtained at any other drug store."

CHARGED ARSON FOR SPIE.

Dismissed Employee Accused of Forgery Called Boss Firebug. Abraham Marcus, a woolen merchant, of No. 55 Broadway, who was arrested on a charge of arson Oct. 5 on the testimony of a discharged employee, was honorably discharged to-day by Magistrate Freyre in the Centre Street Court. Mr. Marcus on Oct. 3 caused the arrest of Louis Freyre, an employee, for forgery. Freyre retaliated by accusing Marcus of setting fire to his office on Oct. 17 last and collecting \$2,500 insurance.

World's Greatest Woman Composer, Who Cannot Speak English, Gives an Interview in Music

Mme. Chaminade Calls New York a City of Giants and Means to Write a Symphony About It.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

"New York at last!" said Cecile Chaminade, who will give her first American concert next Saturday. "I've been coming to your city of giants ever since 1896, and here I am—en fin." She said it in her suite at the Hotel Nederland while I marvelled that one known for many years as the greatest feminine composer in the world should be so sweet and simple a woman. Slender, with short, tightly curling brown hair, that gives her something of the appearance of a boy pianist, Madame Chaminade's manner has all the diffidence and simplicity of a girl just out of a French convent.

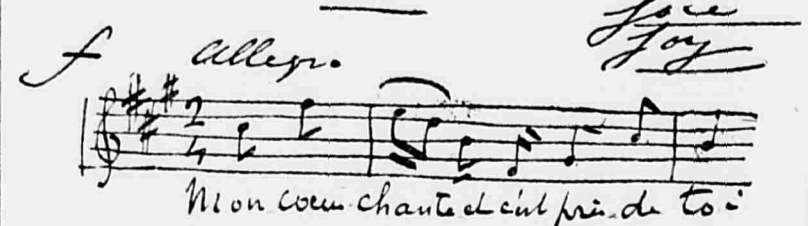
But, as our interview progressed—it was altogether a musical interview, by the way, in which the French composer illustrated her points by humming a little and frequently improvised bars of her own music—I perceived that she has the poise which is characteristic of all great women. "For fifteen years I have intended coming here," she continued, "but unless I had read about it beforehand I would have been overwhelmed by my first glimpse of your skyline as we came up the bay. Even knowing about your skyscrapers, I said to myself, 'It is a city of giants!' Of course," she added, smilingly, "you are giants in a symbolic sense, but from those buildings the unformed traveller might infer that all Americans were ten feet high."

"Some day, perhaps, I shall write a symphony of New York. Even though I don't speak your language, America can speak to me in music. That is the advantage the musician has over all other artists. As a composer I speak the universal language. I might call music the Esperanto of the arts."

"That is particularly true of sentimental music like yours," I suggested.

"Yes," Madame Chaminade acquiesced. "Sentimental music speaks to the heart. It addresses itself to emotions which are universal. If I am gay, a gay measure comes to me like this—"

The composer seated herself at the piano and hummed this bar as an illustration of her mood.



"MY HEART SINGS WHEN IT IS NEAR YOU!"

"I speak to all the light hearts in the world, and they understand me. In music you have to be what you write. Your gay mood may come from nothing more than the fine weather. Or it may be inspired by some light verse you have read. Or you may have had very good news—that your fiancé or your husband is on his way home after a journey." Madame Chaminade, by the way, was very happily married until two years ago when she lost her husband, M. Carbone. "My heart sings when it is near you," you feel, and you simply sit down to the piano and accompany your heart while it sings. Or, perhaps you are sad. Some one you love is far away, or you may have read merely of the eternal separation of two lovers, and it touches you. Your mind pictures the two lovers saying farewell to each other and your sorrow speaks perhaps like this, saying, 'Oh, how I pity them!'"

Chaminade's long, slim fingers swept the keys once more in a measure of infinite sadness and weariness.

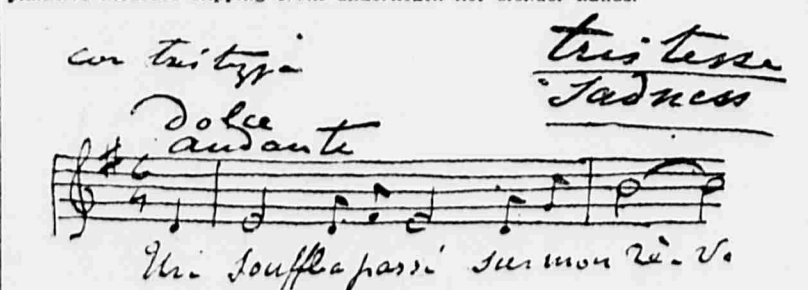


"OH, HOW I PITY THEM!"

"Unless you yourself feel that weary sadness of separation," she continued, "you cannot express it musically so that all the hearts torn by separation respond to you."

"Then there is the sadness of love. It may have no reason at all. It may descend suddenly, like a great black bird into a mood of dazzling happiness. This strange, unexplained melancholy comes to all lovers. They feel that a shadow has come over their joy. This is it."

"A shadow passed over my dream," she hummed in French, the tones of a plaintive measure slipping from underneath her slender hands.



"A SHADOW PASSED OVER MY DREAM."

"Whatever mood the musician expresses she must feel. Her music is the mirror of her heart. It reflects only what is in her. Of course there are certain general lines she must follow. She would not choose chords for a love song nor flats for music indicative of pomp and martial glory. But those things she avoids unconsciously, just as you would avoid certain words and select others in writing a poem."

"You may not notice it," Madame Chaminade continued, "but I am extremely nervous about my American debut. Next Saturday I will face my American public for the first time. They tell me there will be many women. I am glad, for your women are so ardent and at the same time so intelligent."

At this moment the door of Chaminade's suite opened and a gigantic bunch of flowers, pink and white, was brought in with the card of the woman president of a "Chaminade Club."

I told Chaminade as I rose to go that I thanked her very much for existing.

"You know," I explained, "you are the answer to that foolish question men ask when denying woman's equality in the arts—When was there ever a woman musical composer?"

Men don't let us do to well the things they do," she confessed. "They greatly prefer the women who do nothing except flatter and amuse them. But of course that is itself an art."

Sim Pules, manager of "The Golden Butterfly" Company, now playing at the Broadway, and Stage Manager Theesman, of the "Algeria" Company, which terminated a run at that theatre a week ago. The two managers were backed up by their respective companies, and a riot was imminent when the policeman butted in.

A peculiar feature of the affair was that the "Algeria" comedians, prima donnas and chorus girls and men were bent upon exercising by physical force, if need be, their right to rehearse. The company starts on the road soon, and the members were ordered to report for rehearsal at the Knickerbocker Theatre at 11 o'clock.

But "The Girls of Gottenberg" company was rehearsing on the Knickerbocker stage, and Manager Theesman hustled his company over to the Broadway. The rehearsal was just starting when in walked Stage Manager Pules at the head of his company to conduct a rehearsal.

After which there were doings. Manager Theesman finally decamped with his company to hire a hall, leaving the "Golden Butterflies" in possession of the stage.

The physical controversialists were



(Chaminade)

COURT REJECTS MRS. MATTISON'S UNIQUE DEFENSE

Decree Awarded Husband Who Made 54 Charges Against Young Wife.

The unique plea of Mrs. Richard V. Mattison Jr., that as her husband had abandoned her exactly two years before he sued for divorce, she was therefore excused from her marriage vows, was brushed aside by Justice Erlanger in the Supreme Court to-day. He also awarded her a husband an interlocutory decree of absolute divorce.

Mattison is the son of Philadelphia's millionaire "asbestos king." The young man is a member of the firm of Keasby & Mattison, of New York and Philadelphia. He met his bride, who was Agnes Cruikshank, in Glasgow, Scotland, and after a short courtship they were married in January, 1907.

The husband kept the marriage secret, fearing, he said, that his father would disinherit him. So he returned to America alone. Six months later the bride followed, was introduced to her husband's parents at their Newport cottage as his fiancee, and a date set for their marriage.

But the wedding was called off, postponed indefinitely, after a visit to the United States battleship West Virginia, lying in the harbor. Mattison introduced her to his father and there was a supper and high jinks.

One of the things that happened was that a young naval officer noticed a hole in the Scotch lassie's stocking and darned it while she lay in his bunk and her husband held her hand.

Mattison took her home to Bushy Park, his parents' Newport home, and next morning kindling and the wife was going to New York. The following Saturday, on his return, Mattison was immediately ordered him to take her away. He had heard of the battleship officer.

In August, 1907, Mattison sued for an absolute divorce, making fifty-four charges against his wife. Dr. Charles T. Wainwright, of the Post Graduate Hospital, as her ability.

Mrs. Mattison denied her husband's charges, and set up counter charges of abandonment and cruelty, upon which she asked for a separation.

In addition she advanced the unusual plea already mentioned. "Abandonment confers no license on the deserted party to offend against the marital vows," said Justice Erlanger in his decision, and not until she was accused was a limited divorce sought by her. I am not unmindful of the duties imposed upon the husband, nor of the consequences which may result when an abandoned wife, a stranger in a great city, is forced to battle against adverse circumstances. However, if spouses live apart, whether by consent or by decree, each is liable for the transgressions of the conjugal relationship."

TIFFANY'S CHAUFFEUR FINED

Wealthy New Yorker in Auto Held Up on Long Island

MINNEOLA, L. I., Oct. 20.—Louis C. Tiffany's chauffeur, William Cooper, was fined \$25 to-day by Justice Weeks for alleged speeding on the Jericho turnpike last evening. Mr. Tiffany has a country home at Laurelton and he leaves Long Island City every afternoon for that place at about the time that the 4:30 o'clock train on the Long Island Railroad departs. It is said that Mr. Tiffany always reaches Oyster Bay before the train does. He was on his way to Laurelton yesterday when the auto was held up by William Ray before the train does. He was a cycle patrolman, who watch for violators of the speed law, and his chauffeur was arrested.

GIRL SAVED FROM SUICIDE TO FACE MURDER CHARGE

Nellie Waldron, in Lucid Moments, Denies That She Killed McDonald.

The girl jumped into the East River yesterday after Edward McDonald had been shot to death in his home at No. 115 Greenport avenue, was in no condition to be removed from the Eastern District Hospital to court to-day. She is in the prison cell of the hospital guarded by a policeman, as it is feared she may attempt to kill herself.

In her lucid moments she denies that she killed the young man she charged with deceiving her, but when Capt. Alonzo, of the Greenport avenue station, arraigned her to-morrow he will present two charges, one of attempted suicide and another of homicide.

"There is no doubt," said the police captain to-day, "that she killed McDonald. She purchased the revolver at a pawnshop and the cartridges at a hardware store. She shot at him twice, one bullet being fired up, probably when he struck her arm, and lodging in the ceiling of the room. The other was fired at him and lodged in his brain and killed him instantly."

The girl prisoner is suffering from shock and nervous prostration, but it is expected that she will be sufficiently recovered to-morrow to go to court.

BLAZE LEAVES MANY IN NEWARK WITHOUT HOMES

Score of Dwellings Destroyed by Fire That Calls Out Entire Department.

The hottest fire Newark, N. J., has experienced in years started to-day in the big trunk factory of Louis Goldsmith & Co. in Canal street. Fanned by a high wind, it inflicted serious damage upon Lyons & Sons' brewery, wiped out a score of frame dwellings and threatened an immense gas tank owned by the Public Service Corporation. Many poor families were rendered homeless and lost their household goods.

Newark's entire equipment of sixteen fire engines and accompanying apparatus was called out to fight the blaze. Several firemen were injured by falling walls. Fireman Byron, of Engine No. 1, fell from a ladder and was painfully hurt. Fire Chief Astley, in dousing flying debris, fell into Morris Canal and was rescued by police.

The building in which the fire originated is four stories high and was packed with inflammable materials. By the time the first apparatus arrived the whole interior was ablaze. There were 150 men and women at work in the place when the alarm was sounded, and all but a dozen escaped by the stairways. The others utilized the fire-escapes. Battalion Chief McKnet, Capt. Fischer, Lieut. Norton and Fireman Van Hise were trapped on the roof of the trunk factory by a sudden explosion. They saved themselves by sliding down lines of hose three stories to the roof of a one-story extension.

ALDRICH NEVER WROTE ANYTHING HE IS ASHAMED OF

So Says the Senator Returning From Europe, When Told of the Archbold Letters.

BALLOONISTS GET BACK.

A. Holland Forbes and Augustus Post Tell of Their Remarkable Fall.

The North German Lloyd steamship Crown Princess Cecilie was docked to-day with a notable company of distinguished Americans and foreigners in her first cabin. Among them was United States Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, who is the promised centre of a new sensation in the John D. Archbold series of Standard Oil letters, according to this week's Colliers.

"Have you seen the published account that you are 'next' in the stolen Archbold letters bought by Mr. Hearst?" was asked of Senator Aldrich, coming up from Quarantine.

"I do not care to discuss the matter in detail except to say that such letters do not exist so far as I know," was his reply, with eagerness. "And you may add most emphatically that I have never written nor received in my lifetime any letter which I am ashamed to have published."

Work of Monetary Commission.

Concerning the work of the National Monetary Commission Senator Aldrich said:

"The time of the commission has been spent in London, Berlin and Paris, and the progress of the work was most satisfactory. We found everywhere in financial and banking circles the greatest interest in the work of the commission, and every possible courtesy was shown us. We shall report the result of our investigations early in November at Washington to the full commission."

William Guggenheim, a member of the famous family of brothers, with Mrs. Guggenheim, was a passenger. He said: "I trust that after the political campaign is over the successful candidate will consider himself a Rip Van Winkle. The whole country is anxious for peace and rest. The general opinion expressed abroad is that Taft will be elected, and there is every belief that his elevation to the Presidency will restore confidence."

Fell Faster Than Sand Bags.

A. Holland Forbes and his balloon mate, Augustus Post, in a death-defying fall some weeks ago in Berlin, were passengers. They travelled 8,000 miles to be up in a balloon for less than eight minutes. Their balloon, the Conqueror, it will be recalled, burst at a height of 2,800 feet.

"We were three minutes in reaching the ground," Mr. Forbes said. "Our downward flight was so rapid that we fell faster than the sand bags which we put overboard. The fact that the hole in the balloon enlarged and formed a parachute saved our lives, and the only accident was that of a German baby whose nurse grabbed him from a perambulator in time to prevent his serious injury by one of the falling sand bags."

Other passengers were Mrs. Marcella Stengel-Schmidt, Emil Paar, director of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt sr., Joseph Brooks, of the National Y. M. C. A., who is to bring Yvette Guilbert to this country for a tour, and Mrs. Collis P. Huntington.

TEN DAYS FOR CANDY MEN.

Two Sent to Tombs for Operating Slot Machines.

William McGrath, of No. 41 West Fifty-third street, and Henry Weiss, of No. 241 East Seventy-fourth street, candy store proprietors, were fined \$25 each in Special Sessions to-day on the charge of impairing the morals of children by the operation of slot machines in their shops. Not having the money, the prisoners were sent to the Tombs for ten days each.

Complaint against the men was made by Gerry S. Sackett, agents. The slot machines bear the names of members of the Sullivan family. It was stated in court to-day that the owner of the devices is the Sullivan Advertising Company.

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U. S. SENATOR WHO ISN'T ASHAMED OF HIS LETTERS.



SENATOR ALDRICH

TAXI DRIVER BEATS MAN; STARTS RIOT

Thought Clerk, the Victim, Called Him a "Scab" Some Days Ago.

A row that it took the reserves of the West Thirtieth street police station to subdue started this afternoon at Broadway and Forty-second street in front of the Metropolitan, when William Sacks, the driver of a red taxi, attacked William Tupper, a shipping clerk, of No. 124 West Sixty-fifth street, under the impression that Tupper had shouted "scab" at him a few days ago.

Tupper was on his way to keep an appointment with a friend, he said. He never had seen Sacks before. He was walking by Sacks's cab, when the driver jumped out, and, exclaiming:

"I've got you now and I'm going to do you up," started to beat him. A crowd gathered and two or three minor fights were started among sympathizers of the strikers and the friends of the taxi-cab company. Tupper was so badly beaten when he was rescued by the police that he had to be sent to New York Hospital. Sacks was arrested on a charge of assault.



HARD TIMES DRIVE ECLECTIC CLUB FROM WALDORF

"But We'll Get Our \$20,000 Suite Back When Things Improve," Says Mrs. Dore Lyon.

The Eclectic Club, which created a sensation last March by renting a \$20,000 suite at the Waldorf, is again in the limelight.

The exclusive organization, it was learned to-day, has been forced to relinquish its palatial hotel home and seek less costly quarters, and in addition discussion has also arisen among the members.

When the club-house was planned early last spring the wise ones predicted disaster, although ambitious members of the club boastfully argued that surely women should be allowed as handsome a retreat as their brothers. But the predictions of trouble have come true, and the Eclectics announce their removal from their gilded home.

Mrs. Dore Lyon, however, to whose energy and ambition were due the acquiring of the Waldorf suite, has not given up all hope that the bright star of the Eclectics will soon burn brightly again. When seen this morning she put the blame upon the financial panic.

"We have just been hit by the hard times and for the present cannot consider spending so much money for club rent," she said.

"The members—or rather their husbands—have declared they cannot stand the financial strain. And of course we are forced to give up our plans for the present."

"There have always been more or less discussion and trouble over the rental of so expensive a place as the Waldorf, but many members preferred the general quarters. Our side won, however, and if it had not been for the general financial depression we should have proven that women can support an expensive organization as well as the men. We attempted to lessen expense by making the membership list number 60, our usual number being 20, but it was feared that the organization would, in this way, lose its exclusiveness. Rather than do this we have decided to give up our Waldorf quarters until money is more plentiful, which I believe will be soon. In the meantime we shall meet at the Waldorf in the Leather Room and conduct our meetings as before. And the strike, which has arisen over the rental will come to an end. However, it is only a temporary removal, for as soon as conditions are more propitious I mean to push the project again, and once more put the Eclectics back in the Waldorf suite."

One to Hand.

(From the Baltimore American.) "Sir, I am looking for a situation worthy of my talents, but not entailing too hard work. Have you such an opening?" "One that suits your case exactly. Please shut it after you."

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